

# THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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## TERMS:

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## POETRY.

From the London Weekly Despatch.

### THE FREE.

The wild streams leap, with headlong sweep  
In their curbless course o'er the mountain steep;  
All fresh and strong they foam along,  
Walking the rock with their cataract song.  
My eye bears a glance like a beam or a lance,  
While I watch the waters dash and dance;  
I burn with glee for I love to see,  
The path of any that's free.

The skylark springs with dew on his wings,  
And up in the arch of heaven he sings,  
Tril-la, tril-la—oh, sweeter far,  
Than the notes that come through a golden bar  
The joyous bay of a hound at play,  
The caw of a roc in its homeward way,  
Oh! these shall be the music for me,  
For I love the voice of the free.

The deer starts by with his antler high,  
Proudly tossing his head to the sky;  
The barb runs the plain unbroken by the rein,  
With steaming nostrils and flying mane;  
The clouds are stirr'd by the eagle bird,  
And flap of his swooping plume is heard.  
Oh! these shall be the creatures for me,  
For my soul was form'd to love the free.

The mariner brave, in his bark on the wave,  
May laugh at the wall 'round a kingly slave;  
And the one whose lot is the desert spot  
Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot;  
The thrall and state at the palace gate.  
Oh! the hills shall be a home for me,  
For I'd leave a throne for the hut of the free.

*Courting among the Faculty.*—A young physician, while on a friendly visit to a family in a city, with whom he was intimate, said to a young lady, a member of it,

"You seem unwell, Miss. What is the matter?"

"Are you a doctor and cannot tell? Feel my pulse," replied the lady.

"I do."

"What do you prescribe?"

"A husband."

"Where shall I find him?"

"Here, if you will accept me!" exclaimed the son of Galen, with an enthusiasm worthy of a poet.

The two are now one. The lady is called Mrs. Doctor. What would you give to know?

*Hard Times.*—A passenger down stream informs us, 'pon honor, that at Cincinnati and Louisville, the times are so hard that a man will prop himself against a wall and hunt round his pockets for a quarter of an hour for "a fourpence"—and not find it at last. "The times," says he, "are real screw-driving."

*Competition.*—We were walking down Main street, a day or two ago, when we heard a waterman cursing his ill luck in a most obstreperous manner.

"That's always the way," said he; "a body can go at nothing now-a-days, but some one else will cut him out, and take the job from him."

"What is the matter?" we said in an enquiring tone.

"Why, you see, I got a contract to water this street to day, and have got all ready when it had commenced raining hard enough to drown an elephant."

Cincinnati.

## AGRICULTURAL.

From the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.

### On Making Hay.

BY PATRICK MILLER, ESQ.,

Late of Dunwinton, Dumfriesshire.

Making hay is universally allowed to be one of the most important branches of agricultural pursuits, but the principle on which it should be conducted is not at all understood on this side of Tweed.

In England, however, the operation is very differently performed, and with very different results; for by their system, a great deal of time is saved at a critical period, and a far superior article of food for their animals is produced.

Besides the great and necessary despatch which is used in England, much skill is also employed to produce and maintain a requisite degree of heat or fermentation in the stack when the hay is put up, in order to convert the juice of the herbage to a saccharine state, which is found to be both more palatable, and likewise more nutritious for all bestial that is fed upon it.

In Scotland, on the other hand, it would almost seem as if diligence was employed to unnecessarily procrastinate the work, and subject it to the risk of unfavorable changes of weather; and by the excessive bleaching and drying of the grass, which is so universally practised, it is deprived of the possibility of assuming the saccharine quality; and what sap is permitted to remain in it is converted to starch, which is neither so agreeable nor nourishing for horses as hay made upon the principle which I am anxious to recommend, and from whence arises, as is easily to be perceived, a greater waste of hay in Scotch than in English stables.

Having premised this much, I proceed to detail the practice which I have pursued for many a by-gone year on my farm, which being on a limited scale, shall therefore confine my description to the narrow compass of my own operations, but which of course, easily admits of being extended to a larger field as circumstances may require.

When the hay season arrives and the weather is favorable, and when I perceive by the height of the column of mercury in the barometer, and likewise from the appearance of the skies, that there is a likelihood of its continuing so I set a couple of mowers to work very early in the morning, each attended by a boy or girl about twelve or thirteen years of age, and as soon as the men have made half a dozen cuts of the scythe, the two boys or girls take up the swath and shake it out as thin as possible on the ground where it grew, there lie and wither till after breakfast.

On the return of the mowers from their breakfast, a stout active woman begins to turn with a rake, in the direction of the sun, the grass which was first shaken out, the men and the boys cutting down and shaking out in the same way as in the morning.

When the woman has finished turning the early cut grass, she immediately goes to the spot where she began, and shakes it out again as thin as she can, and when finished, she commences turning by large rake fulls where the mowers resumed their work after breakfast, and continues her task in the same manner as when she began in the morning, always turning as already said, in the direction of the sun.

On the people returning to the field from their dinner, the two boys immediately begin to shake out that part of the second turned grass which had not been accomplished before going to dinner, and when that is finished; they commence turning what was last cut, and then shake it all out again.

At this period, the two mowers and the woman proceed to rake the first cut bay into what is called a wind-row, and one of the men commences with a pitchfork to put it into cocks of about 150 to 200 lbs. weight, and between 4 and 6 feet in height, but on no account is a foot permitted to go

upon it, for it cannot be put up too light, neither is it to be hoped, for if the weather is calm, a few hours after it is in the cock, it will so compact itself, that it will require a violent wind to overturn it.

Thus, the hay which was cut in the course of the day, will be, through this mode of treatment, sufficiently dried and secured by the evening against any change of weather which may occur in the course of the night and it will stand exposure to a storm full as well as hay which is sadly mismanaged by the improper system at present in use.

So far, the process only relates to getting quit of the redundant sap in the herbage but if the hay gets rain or any adventitious moisture, either in working or stacking, it must be carefully dried off before being put into the stack, or so brisk a fermentation will ensue, that combustion will infallibly take place.

The next part of the operation is stacking the hay, and this may take place, if the weather continues fine on the second or third day after the last cock was put up.

In making this kind of hay, the great and important object is to get it to ferment or heat in the stack, for the purpose of making it evolve its saccharine quality, as the malting of grain, and is effected as follows:

If a round stack is intended, let a common sack be well crammed full of hay or straw, and placed erect on the foundation where the stack is to be reared, and then begin building all round it with the first cut cocks, intermixing now and then a few of those last put up, in order to promote the fermentations and when the stack gets as high as the top of the bag, the worker pulls it straight upwards, and so continues working around and pulling it up till the stack is finished, and in this way a chimney is formed for the escape of the nascent gas.

Should a long stack be preferred, then a chimney must be brought out at the peak at each end, and one in the middle by the same means, if a large mass of hay is put up in the stack, and in conclusion, I recommend, that these vents shall not be closed for a month, nor while any perceptible fermentation is going on.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE SMUGGLER.

Among the mountains on the frontier of Germany, is situated a lonely village, once inhabited by poor, but industrious people; now, since it has been thrown into the corner of a kingdom, it is a nest of smugglers and thieves, where all the vices have taken up their abode, and where they are fostered by the lucrative though dangerous profession that is there pursued. Here, with all the pride of banditti, boasting of their achievements, they related to me a circumstance; the thought of which make me shudder.

"Come along," said a father one evening to a girl of thirteen, who had just returned from the pastor of the village, who was giving her instruction, preparatory to confirmation, "put on your thick coat; we have something to get to-night.—Bid your mother good-bye, and beg to lay her hand upon your head, for we cannot tell whether the Almighty will bring us safe through the business or not. They set out. The wind blew intensely cold over the hills, and howled among the trees, while low clouds, heavily laden with snow, sailed slowly over the gray heads of the naked rocks. They proceeded in silence along an unfrequented mountain path; and clambered like chamois along a yawning abyss, where a foaming torrent was struggling against the overpowering force of winter. "Lay hold of my belt," whispered the father, as though apprehensive lest the very air might overhear him; "and hold fast—'tis not the most pleasant walking here." The girl trembled with cold and fear, and silently followed her rough conductor. "Stop!" he cried all at once, "Do you hear nothing? Were not those men's voices?"

"No, father, it is the wind howling through the pines."

"Stand still then, and listen; that must be footsteps. I hear them quite plain."

"No, father, it is the ice bursting in the abyss, and the water dashing against the rocks."

The old man, wrapped in a gray surtout, clapped his ear to the side of the rock to listen, and presently cried "come on." The path became more difficult, and the rocks more abrupt.

"Should any misfortune befall me to night, my dear girl," said he, "tell your mother she must not give up the business; I have made a profitable concern of it, and I should not die content if I believed it would drop with my life. You are now old enough to lend me a hand, and when you have once taken the sacrament, you will be able, I should think, to carry on the thing well enough."

He then directed her to conceal herself in a small cavern in a rock. "You may eat your supper there," he observed, "for we are now upon the frontier; and up yonder you would only be in my way. I'll whistle when I come back. When you hear that sign, look about and bestir yourself."

With these words he continued his ascent; and the half frozen girl crept sobbing into the snowy retreat to say a paternoster. At a dizzy depth below, the torrent roared monotonously, before the wind whirled the snow in eddies from the rocks. She was alone in this dreary spot.

After a while the appointed signal was given, and she heard footsteps. Her father came with a pack, which he dragged after him.

"Here," said he, "pull it in, it is but light; you will have no difficulty. 'Tis worth a good round sum, though."

The pack was deposited in the cavern; and the smuggler went back again. The girl meanwhile crouched behind the pack, and rubbed her frozen limbs to warm and keep herself awake. Some time again elapsed; again a whistle was given as before, and the father returned with another load. He bade her to take up the first, and made her go on before him.

"Father, I hear dogs barking don't you?"

"No, no,—it is only the wheezing of my old lungs."

"There, again! I fancy I hear something behind us."

"Go along, and hold your tongue."

"There is something moving behind us, father, down yonder; don't you see?"

"Good Patience! the sharpshooters! We are lost if we cannot reach the ravine."

A dog came up and threatened to seize the man when clinging without other hope of safety to the rock; he hurled his pack at the animal which tumbled howling, together with a mass of snow, down the precipice. "Give it to me," he cried, taking the lighter load from the girl, grasping her hand firmly, and drawing her with accelerated steps down the rocky path. Fright deprived her of the use of her limbs, and he dragged her along like a thing. Destruction pressed closer upon their heels—voices repeatedly cried "Halt." No answer was returned, and the report of a piece reverberated a hundred fold by the echoes of the mountains. The ball struck the rock, and dropped at their feet.

"Merciful God!" ejaculated the girl, "I cannot go any further. Leave me, father; they will not murder me."

"But you will betray me, girl."

"No, no—leave me here, and make your escape."

"You will betray me and bring your father to the gallows. Come, come along."

Filled with despair, he raised her from the ground, and wound with his twofold burden round a ledge of rock. It was to no purpose. The sharpshooters appeared above and below, and the anxiety of the smuggler increased every instant. The girl had sunk down as if inanimate; and all the efforts of the affrighted father to arouse her were unavailing. Again was heard the cry of "Halt!"—and again the ball whiz-

zed past, the Ministers of the law kept ap- proaching nearer and nearer—life or death depended on a single moment. He bent over his child, and caught her in his arms. "So help me God in my utmost need!" he ejaculated aloud, and threw her down the abyss!

The body dashed against the projecting crags in the descent, rolled into the torrent beneath.

The pursuers stood aghast at the atrocious deed, and overpowered with horror, dropped their weapons. The smuggler escaped with his pack, and has since often visited the same spot on a similar errand.

### PRATICAL AMALGAMATION.

Some weeks since an itinerant lecture of abolition visited the neighborhood of Portsmouth, Ohio, and put up at a public house with the intention of enlightening the minds of the public in regard to the oppressing of his dark colored brethren and sisters, by a lecture to be delivered the next day, on the cruelty and tyranny of the whites in refusing to admit the negro to a perfect equality with themselves, in all respects. All the visitors and lodgers in the tavern were annoyed during the day, by the impertinent conduct of the pseudo philanthropist, forcing his disgusting doctrines on every one who had sufficient patience of the lecturer, formed the plan of experimenting on his professions of love for "Africa's sable race." In the evening the landlord called to him a colored man named Bill, who acted as ostler, or man of all work, about the inn, and ordered him to wash himself well, put on a clean shirt, and go to bed in a certain room which he mentioned. Bill acted as his master directed him, and felt considerably struck up with the sudden change of sleeping apartments, from the kitchen loft to the best bed room in the house, and attributed it all to the presence of his white friend, who had taken several opportunities through the day, to impress on Bill's mind that all men were equal, and that the fact of a portion of society being blessed with a fairer skin gave them no right to claim a superiority over their less fortunate brothers and sisters of a dark hue, and that naturally Bill and every other gentleman of color, who performed the part of servants to the whites, had the same rights to respect and privileges of their masters. Bill saw the justness of his friend's 'equally' doctrine at once, and when called by the landlord, was deciding in his own mind in what manner he would propose to his master a change in their respective stations; he to assume the duties of host, and his employer take up the curry comb and brush; 'turn about's fair play,' thought Bill.

In the evening, when the lecturer wished to retire, the landlord conducted him to his chamber and showed him the bed he was to occupy. After he had disrobed himself and turned down the clothes to get into bed, he started back with astonishment on beholding his friend Bill in snug possession of one half of it, who invited him with a familiar nod to get in. The abolitionist cast a look of scorn on poor Bill, and demanded of the landlord what he meant by giving him a "nigger" for a bedfellow, he was answered with his "equality" argument. "Bill's person was healthy, he had on a clean shirt, was not addicted to any ugly habits in his sleep, and more than all, was one of the 'proscribed and injured race,' for whom the gentleman professed such ardent love; the last consideration ought to make Bill a welcome companion to the lodger."

The enraged philanthropist could not stand this practical test of his doctrine, but let loose his wrath on the landlord. "Sir I tell you, I will not put up with this unparalleled indignity; whoever heard of such insolence?—putting a gentleman to sleep with a filthy negro."

"And let me tell you, sir," replied the landlord, "that with that 'nigger' you'll have to sleep, if you sleep at all; he is as clean in his person and clothes as you are yourself, and in every other respect, according to your own preaching, he is your equal, so hop in and embrace your brother,